Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. : : : MISSOURI

THE CALL.

Came Mrs. Brown to call
On little Mrs. Jones.
They greeted in the hall
In most delighted tones.
"So rushed," said Mrs. Brown,
"I really cannot stay—
I've been all over town,
It seems to me, to-day."

And then they talked of books
Of music, and of clubs,
Of chambermaids and cooks,
Of leaky laundry tubs,
Of candies and of soup,
Of churches and of gowns,
Of fevers and of croup,
Of how to ward off frowns.

Of wrinkles, freckles, too;
Of divorces and brides,
Of scandals old and new,
Of fashion's latest strides,
Of neighbors and of friends,
Of enemies and kin,
Of pleasing coffee blends,
Of where "she" got that pin.

Of certain people's debts,
Of certain people's fights,
Of the contending sets,
Of certain women's spites,
Of papering the hall,
Of what each one had read,
Of which one owed the call,
Of what somebody said.

Of how "she" held her looks,
Of golf, and cards, and tea,
Then back again to cooks—
And then: "O, goodness me!"
Cried Mrs. Brown at last,
"I must be rushing on.
The afternoon is past—
At least, it's almost gone.

"That's one thing I detest
About a formal call—
One has to look her best
And scarcely talk at all.
Stop in, my dear, some day
When you're out for a walk—
There's so much we could say
When we've time for a talk."
—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

FOREVER.

The Strange Long Love of Kaomao.

By Kathryn Jarboe.

KAOMAO'S thatched hut was far up on one of the hillsides of the Nuuanu Valley. It was sheltered from the noon-day sun by a far-spreading banyan tree, and on one of the lower branches of this Kaomao was resting. Her white cotton muumuu revealed soft rounding curves and long slender lines; her eyes were shadowed by her dusky hair, and her fingers idly plaited a lei of heavily perfumed, heavily petaled jasmine. From her lips fell a cadence of tones softer than the wind that rustled the tattered banana leaves, sweeter than the rippling brook that hurried by. But Kaomao was not happy, and her song was more plaintive than the note of the mourning dove.

Umanunu, the girl's grandmother, thrust her wrinkled face between the leaves; with her skinny arm and hand she snatched the jasmine wreath.

"Is it your wedding wreath, Kaomao?" The tone was mocking and the girl did not answer.

"And you sing a funeral dirge!" the old woman jeered.

"It may be my wedding wreath."

The girl's voice was still soft and sweet, still full of mournful music. "The perfume of the jasmine last long after the flower dies."

"Ah! But even its perfume will not last until the coming of a faithless lover," croaked Umanunu.

"Paliopaleke is not faithless!" cried Kaomao. "I will believe in him forever. I will believe in him until he himself tells me that he is false."

The old crone laughed, but her merriment was cracked and discordant.

"Paliopaleke is beautiful," she taunted, "and the girls in the town have eyes. He is strong, but the girls down there will not let him leave them. His voice is sweet, and the women have ears."

"He is strong for me!" Kaomao's voice was passionate. "He is beautiful for me, and he sings only for me. I know that he would come if he could. We are far—far out of the world, and he has been detained. He can not come to me I know. And there is some good reason."

"Far out of the world," echoed the woman. "Three hours to the coast! If I were a girl, and my lover deserted me, I would find him. I would go to him, and if he were faithless I would —" The sinister laugh conveyed her meaning quite as well as words would have done.

"And I would not have Paliopaleke imagine for an instant that I doubted him, that I thought him faithless," answered Kaomao. "He will come in his own good time, and his time will be my time."

Umanunu, angered by the girl's obstinacy, hobbled back to the hut, muttering her scorn for the girl who trusted, her maledictions on the lover who lingered. For many weeks no word had come to Kaomao from her betrothed, although the day for the wedding was drawing near, and the old woman's heart burned with vicarious vengeance for the grandchild she loved.

Kaomao, left alone in the banyan tree, lay silent now, her fingers resting on the heap of blossoms in her lap. The noon-day sun, high above her sheltering leaves, dropped warm patches of gold on her white gown, on her black veil of hair, on her small brown hands. So motionless she lay that a brilliant iridescent lizard crept cautiously at first, then carelessly along the twisting root, across her breast, and nestled in the warm flowers in her lap. She was not asleep, but her thoughts were far away from her surroundings. They were with Paliopaleke, searching for him, following him, calling for him, assuring him of her love that would last forever, of her love that would believe in him forever.

When she opened her eyes at last it was to see Paliopaleke sitting on the ground at a little distance from her, his eyes intent upon her, his hands so tightly clasped about the gnarled root of the tree that the veins stood out in ridges.

"Paliop——"

The girl's first impulse was to rush to him, throw her arms about him but pride held her back. Umanunu's sinister laugh, Umanunu's jeering words, were still ringing in her ears. Why had Paliopaleke been so long away? Why did he sit there so far from her? Why had he not taken her into his arms as he had so often done when he found her asleep in the banyan tree? Why had he not aroused her with love's murmured words, with love's impassioned kisses? All these questions held her, and beyond the half-spoken name she uttered no sound.

The man sat still, looking gloomily at her, hungrily drinking in the lovely dusky face, the half-veiled eyes, the slender lines, and soft rounding curves.

"I have been long away—a long time away." His voice was hoarse and rough and low. "I—I could not come."

Kaomao's only answer was a slow movement of the delicate brows, a faint quiver of the full scarlet lips.

"And Kaomao——" He gasped for breath. "Kaomao, I am going away—going away tonight at sundown."

"Going away?" Kaomao sat up straight, and leaned toward her lover. He was faithless, then! He had come to tell her that he was faithless!

"I am going away!" Again he struggled for the breath that formed the words. "Forever, Kaomao."

Kaomao's brown hands were crushing the jasmine petals they held. Her eyes were intent on his eyes.

"Paliopaleke!" She breathed the name questioningly, brokenly.

"I have been detained for three weeks——" There was a long pause, his voice grew rougher, harsher, lower. "For three weeks at the Kalihi hospital. I go to-night on the Kilauea Hou—to-night at sundown!" Paliopaleke's slow words ended in a long heartbroken sob. His eyes were swept by a torrent of tears.

For an instant Kaomao's eyes grew wide with horror. Kalihi—the leper hospital! Kilauea Hou—the Molokai boat! A single shriek like no human sound burst from her lips. Then, stretching her arms toward him, she sprang forward to fling herself on his breast, but she stumbled heavily over an obstacle that had been thrust in front of her, and fell outstretched on the ground.

Umanunu, who had thrown her down, crouched low over her, wildly waving her hands, warding off the man who now bent over the girl, but made no move to touch her.

"A leper! A leper! How dare you, a leper, come near her!" the old hag screamed. "I've killed her, perhaps, but better a thousand times that she should be dead so than that you should touch her!" Shrieks and oaths and curses filled the air, but Kaomao, stunned by her fall, lay inert and still, and Paliopaleke bent lower, lower over the prostrate form. Not even the outer hem of her garment did he touch with hand or lip.

"Farewell, farewell forever." The words were breathed not spoken. Crashing through the undergrowth, he rushed down the hill, out into the sunlit valley, on and on, with never a backward glance until he found himself on the boat that would carry him to the land of the living death.

Umanunu knew well enough how to prolong Kaomao's swoon, and not until the afternoon was well advanced did the girl move. The shadows stretched far, the sun sank low, its red disk hovering over the blue sea. At sundown! The Kilauea Hou! With a wild shriek Kaomao sprang to her feet, and rushed down the hill along the path her lover had traversed. She was followed only by the cackling chuckle of the old woman who, motionless and speechless, waited where she was for the girl's return.

The upbraidings she expected were never spoken. Like a slender white ghost Kaomao traversed the moonlit grove, passed the woman silently, and silently entered the hut. Never again, in fact, did Umanunu hear Kaomao's voice. Mutely the girl listened to the reports that Umanunu brought to her from the town. With downcast eyes and firmly closed lips she heard how the attention of the health officers had been attracted to Paliopaleke working on the wharves; how he had been sent to the Kalihi hospital; how, although he had but the faintest taint of the dread disease, he had been ordered to Molokai for the safety of the islands; how he had broken from the guards for his farewell visit to Nuuanu.

The days passed and, curiously enough the girl moved about doing apparently nothing, apparently seeing nothing, but the curves of her red lips grew straighter, and in the depths of her luminous brown eyes was the shadow of a definite resolve.

Heavily perfumed, heavily petaled jasmine blossoms everywhere, pink and white begonias shook their petals at her, scarlet and crimson and yellow flowers poured themselves profusely at her feet, but Kaomao ignored them all. When she did anything she worked automatically, fashioning some leis of soft white feathers. It was a month after Paliopaleke's departure when she stood one day in the doorway of her hut, a wreath of the soft plumes on her dark hair, another about her neck, hanging far below her waist.

"If I could but see you thus, a bride, my Kaomao!" cried her grandmother, and she held a small mirror before the girl's eyes.

Kaomao, taking the glass in both hands, looked long at her own reflection, and then she smiled for the first time in all that month. That night Umanunu slept profoundly, and in the morning when she awoke she was alone in the grass hut under the banyan tree.

Down on the beach, on the other side of the hill, Kaomao, gowned in the clinging white muumuu that Paliopaleke loved, was pushing a light canoe out into the water. The sea and the sky gleamed like a soft gray pearl. The pearl faded slowly, definitely, and grew milkly white. The sky blushed rose and red, and the sea stole its color. The coral reef flashed pink, then pearl, then white, and straight toward the rising disk of the sun Kaomao pointed the prow of her canoe. She paddled steadily out through the reef, and as she paddled, she sang. Her voice was softer than the morning breeze that rustled in the fringing palms behind the beach. It was sweeter than the lapping water that crept about the coral reefs. Her melody rippled gayly with the waves that caressed her boat, for its was of love, of love's triumph, that she sang. Once she looked back at the land she was leaving, but only once, and then she saw the island stretching itself, rosy and flushed with light, up from the sea to greet the sun. After that one backward glance, Kaomao kept her eyes and her boat steadily toward the east, and gave no further heed, nc further thought to the home she was leaving forever.

She was as familiar with the sea as with the banyan tree that sheltered her thatched hut. She had spent days in her canoe, long days and long nights. Her muscles were as tireless as the bronze they counterfeited, and now her slender body swayed with the movement of the waves, with the rhythm of her song. Dried fish and fruits she had brought with her, and at night she slept as securely, as peacefully, upon the ocean's breast as in her own Nuuanu hut. The waves and the winds were with her, and she was guided by the sun and by the stars.

It was early morning when the gaunt gray cliffs of Molokai rose out of the pearly sea, but Kaomao knew better than to approach the settlement upon its shores by daylight. Rounding the first high promontory, she ventured close to the land, and saw a small deserted beach, a short stretch of white sand, from which the hills sloped gradually up and back. She stopped paddling, and, with a sharp knife, cut the thongs that bound the outrigger to her canoe. For a few moments she gashed and hacked the bottom and sides of the tiny craft. If she could destroy the boat that had brought her to him, Paliopaleke could not make her go back as she had come. For a single instant she stood erect in the canoe as it settled slowly down into the water. Her white cotton gown was drawn close about her waist, her brown body gleamed in the morning sun, her arms were stretched high above her head. Then she plunged into the sea, and with long straight strokes swam toward the deserted beach.

The next day, at sunrise, she stood on the hill above the leper settlement. She looked down on the white houses, on the church, on the school, but still she did not dare show herself. She must find Paliopaleke. She must know where Paliopaleke lived. And all at once she saw him, quite near her, stretched out on the desolate hillside, his mournful eyes turned with passionate longing toward the west, toward Nuuanu.

Stealthily she crept closer to him. But even now she must not speak to him. Even there in that deserted wilderness of gray crag and rock she must not let him know that she had come.

The day passed, the noon sun brooded low over the sea and land, the night fell all gold and sapphire blue and ruby red. The moon rose clear and full. The same moon that mellowed and softened the mellow softness of Nuuanu valley revealed the scarred white desolation of Molokai, but Paliopaleke's eyes saw only the Nuuanu moonlight, saw the deep perfumed shadows of the banyan sheltering a small grass hut, saw the frayed leaves of the banana tree, and in its fringed fan shadow he saw Kaomao gowned all in white, crowned with a jasmine lei.

Quietly, softly, out of the shadow into the moonlight came Kaomao, her white gown falling about her, a white feather on her head, a white feather wreath about her neck and hanging to her waist.

"Kaomao! Kaomao!" cried Paliopaleke. But he buried his face in his arms to shut out the haunting moonlit vision.

"Paliopaleke!" It was a cry, but it was soft and low and sweet.

Kaomao's tender arms were about his neck, his head was on Kaomao's breast, her lips were pressed to his.

In an instant he realized the truth. It was Kaomao, Kaomao herself, in all her exquisite beauty, with all her sweet young life. Almost brutally he repulsed her, but she would not be repulsed. With angry words he tried to drive her from him but she would not go. He ran from her, but she followed him. He begged and pleaded, but her arguments were stronger than his, for the love that weakened his gave strength to hers, and before the morning came she had conquered, he had yielded.

The old priest who had given his life to those island wrecks, was slowly climbing the hill to Paliopaleke's house. In his heart was a prayer for aid in comforting this latest exile, this most unreconciled addition to his flock. At the doorway he stopped aghast, for he saw Kaomao's arms about her lover's neck, Kaomao's soft cheek against her lover's cheek.

In hurried words she told her story. With firmness she announced her intention of staying with Paliopaleke. The priest's arguments were more fluent than Paliopaleke's had been, but they were of no use. Kaomao's dark eyes met his steadily, she did not falter, she did not waver. To his threats, to his warnings, to his commands in the name of the island authorities, she made but one reply. She would stay with Paliopaleke. He was her lover. She would live with him as he lived. She would die with him as he died.

As she had overcome the arguments of Paliopaleke's love, she overcome those of the priest's fear, and before the sun had absorbed the island's shadows, the priest who had given up his life for love of God, blessed in the name of the church the woman who had given up her life for love of a man.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Lord Avebury's Secret.

The uniform dignity, urbanity and large-mindedness which mark the manner and mind of Lord Avebury were under discussion, and some one "wondered how he did it." "That is Lord Avebury's secret," said some one else. "Not exactly a secret," another said, "or, rather, an open one. For he has been heard to say that he watches over and manages himself as if he were somebody else—a rule of conduct that most of us could follow with profit to ourselves and benefit to others."—Youth's Companion.

MOST CHARMING OF WOMEN

It Is She Who Can Be Amiable and Agreeable at All Times and to All Persons.

It is a good thing for a woman to be beautiful. It is her duty to be, as far as she can, well dressed and well groomed. But beauty may fade with the passing of years. Bright eyes may be dimmed and rosy cheeks may grow pale; the luster of softly curling love-locks may be silvered and many tears may chase smiles from laughing lips. Poverty and loving service to others may deprive a woman of the wherewithal for pretty gowning. But if she once be mistress of the art of agreeability she can never cease to attract and to possess a hold on the interests of life around her.

To be agreeable a woman must be also vividly alive to things outside of herself and a sympathizer in whatever concerns the fancies of others, old and young. She may have opinions of her own, but she must learn to hear the opinions of others and to accord them full weight and value. And this will render her infinitely more agreeable than the obtrusion of views which she may hold, even though those views may be eminently correct.

The agreeable woman must be a good listener on any subject. As a hostess it is her especial province, around her own board or in her own drawing room, to deftly set the ball of conversation a rolling. But having once done so, the truly agreeable woman is not thereafter heard for her much speaking. She only supplies the gentle filip necessary to prevent stagnation and to keep the interchange of friendly gossip and thought on the plane of bright and sparkling wit and humor.

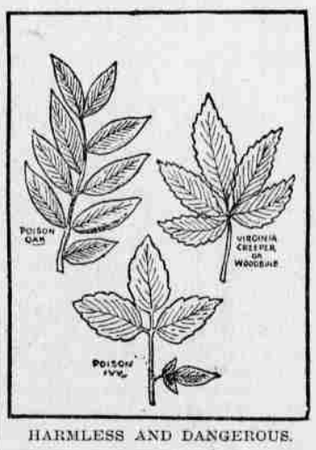
The amiability is not confined to class, age or station. It may be attained to in overflowing measure by the humblest as by the highest, by the oldest as well as by the youngest. It is the one art that is worth more to its possessor than millions.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

JUST COUNT THE LEAVES.

Poison Ivy Has Only Three, While the Harmless Woodbine or Creeper Has Five.

Thousands of people—men, women and children—become poisoned by contact with or the exhalations from poison oak and ivy each year during the seasons of vacations and rambles in the woods. The poisonous effects of both the oak and ivy are very severe and distressing, lasing for a long time.

The Washington Star says that people could easily distinguish these shrubs from the harmless shrubs and



HARMLESS AND DANGEROUS.

vines if they would learn the difference in appearance. They have simply to remember that the Virginia creeper, or woodbine, has five leaves and the ivy but three.

Children should be early taught to tell the harmless woodbine from the ivy. The woodbine has five leaves deeply serrated and are not poisonous.

The ivy has but three leaves. The older leaves are bluntly notched and the young leaves have smooth edges.

The poison oak, or poison sumach, has a bright red stem, the edges of the leaves are not notched, and the leaves are much smaller than those of the common sumach.

NEGRO CHURCH IS STRONG

Colored Organization Formed in Africa Gets Beyond Control of Founder.

It has long been known by those familiar with the negro in America that he can be appealed to through his emotional and religious side more quickly and surely than in any other way. This has recently had a startling demonstration in South Africa, where an all-embracing union of the natives has been brought about through the establishment of a native church. Four years ago a Wesleyan preacher of Pretoria left his denomination and began the organization of a united colored church under the name of the "Church of Ethiopia." The idea spread swiftly through South Africa, surmounting tribal barriers. The church soon got beyond the executive control of its founder, and aid was sought from the African Methodists of this country. So firm has the union become that it is said to be assuming a political significance, many of the younger negroes having raised the cry of "Africa for the Africans!" and threatened to turn the whites out of the colonies.

His Previous Engagement.

Smithers—We should like you to dine with us in three weeks from to-day.

Blithers (trying to lie out of it)—I would be delighted to do it, but I must attend a funeral that day.—St. Paul Globe.

Just as Old as You Feel.

Refuse to allow the mind to stiffen the muscles by the suggestion of age limitation. Age is a mental state, brought about by mental conviction. You are only as old as you feel.

REAL RULERS OF ESOPUS.

Four-Year-Old Parker Hall and His Little Sister Mary Run Farm and Home.

Parker Hall, four, and Mary Hall, two the grandchildren of Judge Parker, now have become targets for every camera fiend and every sort of photographer that comes this way, and all seem to find their way to Esopus, where the children live during the summer.

The New York American says that Parker, the boy, is a sure enough type of young America. He is brave and bold, always on his feet, hates to be awakened in the morning and dreads the hour when he is told to get ready for prayers and bed. Once he had curls that hung around his neck, but he got rid of them. They looked pretty enough, but he was teased and called "baby" and "pretty little girl" until the shears had to be applied.

In disposition Parker is the gentlest of American boys. He obeys every command, is polite in company, knows when not to ask for a second biscuit at the table and can play mumblety-peg with his nurse and make that gentle young woman bury her nose in sand and dirt while rooting for the peg.

He knows his A B C's, but he won't tell anybody about his lessons. He says when he goes to school—that is, when a governess is assigned to him regularly—he is going to study law and be a judge, just like his "daypaw" is.

Little Mary is a big two-year-old girl, but she has not learned to utter the

MASTER PARKER HALL.

slightest word. Only a mother's intuition can penetrate her mind and tell what she wants when she makes a sound that says she wants something. But she is as playful as a kitten, and can run almost as fast as her big brother.

She is the light of her mother's eyes; the boy is the one object that can make Judge Parker forget his dignity, make him get down on his all fours and butt heads with his grandson like a playful goat.

Parker Hall would be a second Tom Sawyer if he had a Huckleberry Finn for a companion. But at Rosemount there is no one to play with except his little sister and grown people. In Kingston, where he lives, he has little opportunity to get on the streets for fear he may be run down by a wagon or a street car or be attacked by a dog.

Should Judge Parker be elected President, it is not unlikely that Parker's father, Rev. Charles Mercer Hall, would abandon his parish at Kingston for the social life that would await him at the capital. In winter Mr. Hall lives in Kingston, in summer he has resided in the lodge at Judge Parker's.

Parker Hall would give the Roosevelt boys a good race, if they should visit him. In the way of showing fearlessness and having fun. What he wants to be is a steamboat captain. Next to that he would like to drive an ox wagon.

As regular as the morning comes and the oxen are yoked and driven to the hay field, where they take on a load, Parker Hall is at the gate begging for a ride. If he could just get on the tongue of the wagon and pop the whip as he sees the driver do and call out: "Gee there, Brandy; w'op, there Spec; git along, git along!"—well, he would give up all interest in the white house now and forever just for a day's such pleasure.

MYSTIC WREATH EXPLAINED

Tribute to Queen Victoria at Her Death Was Sent by Much Admired Singer.

At the time of Queen Victoria's funeral there was much comment in the newspapers about a mysterious wreath laid upon the coffin. It was one of the finest there, but bore only the words, "O, Rest in the Lord!" No name was attached, and there was a great deal of speculation as to who had sent it. It has now been revealed that the wreath was placed there by Queen Alexandra on behalf of Miss Ada Crossley, the famous Australian contralto. She was often "commanded" to Windsor castle by Queen Victoria, who greatly admired her singing. Once she happened to choose her majesty's favorite song, "O, Rest in the Lord!" The queen wept bitterly and explained that she could never hear that song without thinking of her dead husband, the prince consort, who also had loved it dearly. This was the reason why Miss Crossley sent the wreath.

Butterfly Farm in France.

The first "butterfly farm" is said to have been established only a year or two ago by the English entomologist, William Watkins, at Eastbourne, but already several similar farms have come into existence in France. The object is to rear rare genera of the Bombycidae, the silkworm family. They have, by crossing, obtained some new varieties, which are sought after by museums of natural history. They are also endeavoring to acclimate in France species of silkworms indigenous to other countries. The farms contain oaks, ailanthus trees, pines, plum trees, castor oil plants and other plants, the leaves of which serve as food for the caterpillars. Cocoons are hatched on branches protected by gauze, and for the sake of uniform temperature, the insects are often kept in a room until after the first moulting, when they are placed on bushes in the open air, and protected from birds by coverings of muslin or tulle.

Her Manly Trait.

Mrs. Hix—Mrs. Juno strikes me as being entirely too masculine for a woman.

Mrs. Dix—Yes, indeed. Why, every time she has an ache or pain she makes as much fuss about it as a man would.—Columbus Dispatch.

THE ONE MAN SHOW.

Ladies and Gents:—The Next Number on the Bill Will Be the Marvelous Test of Strength. The Common People Will Endeavor to Walk the Entire Length of the Stage with Its Ponderous Burden.

ROOSEVELT IS THE ISSUE.

Republican Leader's Letter of Acceptance Reiterates His Contempt for the Constitution.

As painted by Mr. Roosevelt, the republican party almost discounts Providence. It is all-wise and all-beneficent. It is perfection, full-rounded, beautiful. According to Mr. Roosevelt, the time has come when those in charge of the government are omniscient and society's ills are at an end. The republican party is the answer to the sum total of mankind's efforts throughout the ages. It possesses exclusively all of the superlative excellencies hitherto known and a few newly invented ones.

If it were as good as Mr. Roosevelt professes to think it is, there would be no further need of politics and we could even get along without the constitution. Mr. Roosevelt's letter of acceptance is in many respects an interesting document.

Almost anybody can put questions to fit answers favorable to himself, which is a way of conducting the other fellow's case; and this is what Mr. Roosevelt has done. Having selected what he conceives to be the virtues of his administration, he frames an indictment on behalf of the people against these special virtues, thus giving the selected virtues an excellent opportunity to reply—and they reply for all they are worth.

There can be no other issues save the enumerated ones involving these supposed virtues, Mr. Roosevelt contends. If these are not the issues, he says, there can be no issues.

As usual, says the St. Louis Republic, Mr. Roosevelt overlooks the constitution. When he declares that he is unable to conceive what issues the democrats could possibly have, he forgets that they have had a Mr. Roosevelt in one of the three great constitutional divisions of government for the last three years and that the incumbent has wrought a great strain and damage upon the office.

As a matter of fact, a president too big for the constitution is a very large, real, live and threatening issue and one sufficient to arouse most of the people in the country which suffers that condition. A lawmaking and lawbreaking executive is an anomaly calculated to impress the majority of Americans with the necessity for its removal—to awaken in them a fear for the safety of their institutions.

Mr. Roosevelt is enough of an issue, were there no others. He represents anticonstitutionalism, the constitution subordinated to executive whim; and not all his enumeration of party virtues, real or pretended, can hide the fact of his dangerous personality.

In electing a president, the people are bound to consider the man. The people choose between men. This campaign is peculiarly one in which character and temperament must be weighed between the candidates. It is admitted on all sides that Judge Alton B. Parker is a safe man, of sound and conservative judgment, who, if elected, would not endanger the international and internal affairs of the country. His temperament and judicial training qualify him for the constitutional duty and responsibility. It is impossible not to contrast against these eminent qualifications the rash impulses, big militant ambitions and headlong proclivities of Mr. Roosevelt. In the very nature of things, the contrast is inevitable. The one man is amenable to the constitution, laws, principles and traditions of his country. The other man is intolerant of all restraint.

The issue is the constitution, or it is Mr. Roosevelt, as you please. If it were a campaign of mere attractions and Mr. Roosevelt were permitted to state them to suit himself, democracy might easily be robbed of all issues. But the question before the people is, among other things, the selection of a president. The requirements of office and the fitness of men are considerations. The requirements have reference to the constitution which created the office, and measured by them Mr. Roosevelt is seen to be wholly unfit.

Question Hurts Republicans.

The state grange, of Pennsylvania, has earned the bitter hatred of every republican congressional candidate and his backers. The grange has asked each one of them this question: "Will you, if elected, assist in passing legislation which will enable American citizens to buy American products as cheaply at home as they are sold abroad?" Such a question is calculated to induce nervous prostration when put to a republican congressional candidate.—The Commoner.

ROOSEVELT IS RECKLESS.

Why Conservative Men of Affairs Prefer Judge Parker to the Republican Candidate.

That Spencer Trask, head of the great New York banking house of Spencer Trask & Co., has decided to support Alton B. Parker for president, is one of the many announcements indicating a strong drift among business men toward the democratic candidate. Mr. Trask's reasons for deciding upon the course indicated are not less interesting than the fact itself. In explanation of his attitude, he says:

"While President Roosevelt has been much more subdued and very quiet for the last two months, there is no telling when he will break out again, particularly if he should be elected for a full term of four years. In my opinion this is not the time to take chances. The personalities of the two candidates are before us, and we must judge them by the past. I do not think there can be any question that Judge Parker is a much safer man than President Roosevelt. Judge Parker has at all times shown a disposition to be calm and deliberative, to observe the law and the constitution, instead of his own personal desires. President Roosevelt's course, on the other hand, has always shown a tendency toward recklessness and a disregard of law."

Mr. Trask was a Blaine republican in 1884, being a great personal admirer as well as political supporter of the "plumed knight." In 1888 and 1892, he supported Cleveland, and in 1896 and 1900, McKinley. He is an independent republican, but in common with hundreds of other business men he realizes and remembers that Roosevelt under restraint, during the campaign, and Roosevelt, elected to the presidency, are two very different men.

In other words, Mr. Trask feels just like that Indiana man, with a little money invested, who said, the other day: "I wish I could be sure, when I go to bed at night, what Roosevelt will do in the morning."

A FEW WINNING ISSUES.

There Are Many Causes Which, If Properly Presented, Will Insure Democratic Success.

The democrats must put forward those causes for which they can fight with a good heart, the issues on which they deserve to win. The cry of reform and economy in administration which drew so many to Tilden and Cleveland, is still potent. The extravagance of the republicans, the swollen and padded bills for army, navy, post office and every other department of government, the thefts of which we got a mere whiff when a few of the postal frauds were investigated—all these evidences of corruption and maladministration must move every citizen who is concerned for the welfare of the republic, and must help the party that promises to retrench and to turn all rascals out.

But, above all, democratic strength, we believe, rests in opposition to the Dingley tariff. On this ground the democrats have marched to victory; on this ground they can triumph again. The protective tariff, mother of combines, fountain of corruption, robber of the many for the benefit of the few, is an iniquity against which the party should battle unceasingly. A campaign of education on the tariff, like those of 1888 and 1892, would not only be the highest service which the democrats could now render this country, but would also establish them, and justly, in the confidence of the country.—N. Y. Evening Post.

NOTES FROM OUR EXCHANGES

——When will republican leaders regard the Filipinos "fit for complete self-government?" When there is no more money to be made out of them.—The Commoner.

——The officials who have failed to enforce the law against the trusts consider Judge Parker's reference to that fact as personal. It may be, but it is also rather pointed.—Memphis News.

——In nominating a convicted polygamist as presidential elector, the Wyoming republicans indicate that they have put aside some of their conscientious scruples along this line, too, "until after election."—Boston Herald (Ind.).

——Bailey says it is not unlawful to buy votes in Indiana. However, the democratic party doesn't want to buy any; there is enough honesty in the world to insure a patriotic and honest vote large enough to insure Indiana going democratic.—Houston (Tex.) Post.